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NO RIDERS *By John Steinbeck*

BOOK PREVIEW FROM "THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

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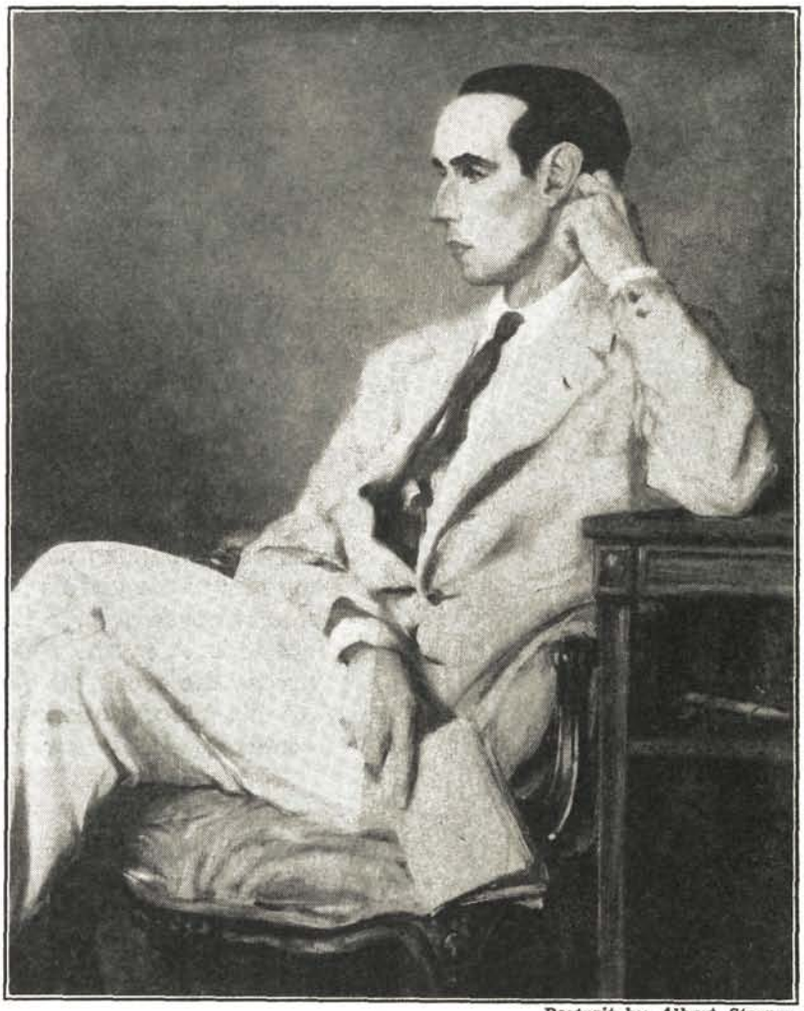

Portrait by Albert Sterner

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

"The attempt to tell a modern story in accentuated rhythms has rarely been successful. But . . . Christopher LaFarge has succeeded in writing a living book possessed of all the novel's virtues, enhanced by supple and finely varied verse . . ."

(See page 5)

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS *By Sinclair Lewis*

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WINE OF GOOD HOPE

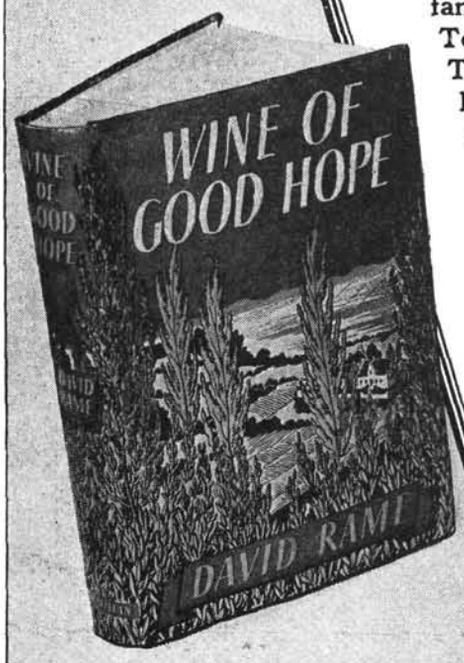
By David Rame

A novel to thrill the mind as well as the heart!

The Story —

TIME—THE PRESENT. CENTRAL CHARACTER—TONY LEMAIRE who—in spite of his devotion to Languedoc, the family South African estate near Capetown—falls prey to an inherited wanderlust.

FOR three generations the owners of Languedoc have deserted their home and families. Through the scheming of his sister Tonia and a sudden misfortune, the youthful Tony leaves the girl he loves, forsakes his beloved vineyards, and follows in his father's footsteps. A myth becomes an obsession, and across the world he goes answering the call of his blood. Adventure piles on adventure whether he is embroiled in revolutions of South America, or in native uprisings in Malay; whether seeking new sensations in London or in America.



THROUGHOUT, the author subtly balances Tony's cravings for foreign lands with his innate love for his home. Languedoc becomes the real protagonist, and one follows in rapt absorption the interplay of forces there, where the superbly drawn matriarchal grandmother, "Grim," seeks to outwit the jealous Tonia, to bring Tony back to his inheritance and to the faithful, lovely Lowell.

at all bookstores, $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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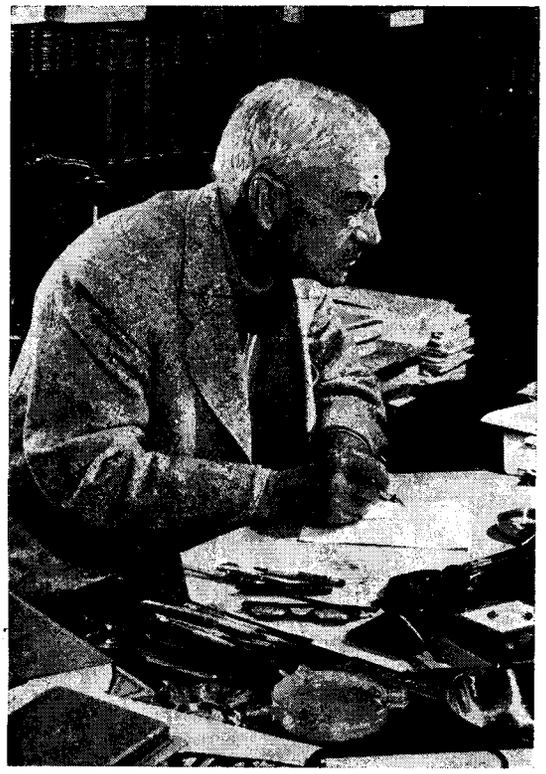

William Lyon Phelps in his New Haven study

William Lyon Phelps

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

I RATHER think that of all people I have known, Professor William Lyon Phelps—"Billy" Phelps—has, with the possible exception of Gene Debs, the greatest love of human beings and, with the possible exception of Arnold Bennett, the greatest love of novels and of plays. These twin affections have made him the greatest of teachers, as well as the most agreeable of companions; and his Yankee efficiency and shrewdness of vision have made him more efficient than the sentimental Gene, just as a youthful liveliness has made him more lustily amusing than ever was Arnold.

Not that he has not had sentimentalities. I would like to tackle the impossible and keep a little out of the booming Yale-bull-dog chorus of adulation which has always followed Billy; to try, a little, to duck out back of the massed admirers of old grads who keep reminding you, quite accurately, that Billy remembers the faces and the names of more Yale alumni, more presidents of women's clubs, more booksellers, more theater ushers, more actors, and more Yale novelists than ten Jim Farleys put together. I would like it clear that Billy has often been over-enthusiastic about ephemeral bits of cleverness, about all the pixie descendants of Peter Pan, and that he has always covered too much ground. Yet with all this he remains the one man in his generation of college teachers who has been most able to inoculate students, even quite stupid ones, apparently formed only for the purpose of falling with virile grunts upon pigskin ovoids, with his own passion for the secret joys of good literature.

With this, as teacher and human being and college officer, he has stood conspicuously for changing the old caste-ridden, army-like, fear-gripped university into a friendly concourse of human beings interested in learning. For over forty years, he has been to each generation of college students the Best Neighbor, the kindliest older friend, of the whole faculty. Here is an example of it, from days even before mine—and I graduated from Yale thirty-one years ago.

At that time, Chauncey Brewster Tinker, now Yale's proudest English scholar, was a timid Freshman from the outlands of Colorado, and Billy a bounding young instructor, not always too well liked by his superiors, because of his embarrassing doctrine that even undergraduates were human. By a mistake in marking, young Tinker (the most zealous of attendants on pious services) was put down as having too many chapel cuts. He protested to the dean, and was told to take his medicine like a little man, and not try to lie out of it.

Tinker had never met Phelps, then, but he had heard of him as a sort of St. Francis who sensibly gave more attention to Freshmen than to those loftier creatures, the sparrows. He barged in on Billy, told his story, was instantly perceived as an honest cub, and reassured. What then happened between the cocky young Instructor Phelps and the awe-robed Dean nobody knows, but Tinker was exonerated. And nobody ever will know what happened, because when I told this story to Billy, he himself had utterly forgotten it. Why should he remember a mere hourly incident like saving the whole career of a shining young scholar?

My own first bright experience with Billy was when I had to make up for several months of absence by what are jocularly known as "examinations." In other subjects, I took painful written tests which revealed nothing whatever except a natural glibness. But Billy, in ten minutes of amiable talk, really did find out what I knew about seventeenth century poetry (which, in those days, when I was young and educated, was a good deal).

As at this moment of writing I am a member of Equity and touring with a play, I may be understood as being complimentary when I say that in everything Billy Phelps is a great actor. He is like none of the traditional pedagogues—the long-faced and dry and disapproving, the bushy and hearty, or the dapper and cynical. He has the handsome, square, mobile face of an actor; the quickly changing, bountifully feeling eyes of the actor; and the actor's natural gracefulness, and natural authority among duller and less imaginative men. I have long felt that it was only chance that kept Billy from being a truly great actor-manager—another Beerbohm Tree or Henry Irving or Sacha Guitry, or Noel Coward. He would have roared you his most lion-like as Othello, and then between acts have had an ant-like delight in the tiniest detail of the theater—why the deuce the hot-water tap didn't run in Miss Eglantine Devereux's dressing-room, and how in the name of Garrick it had been possible for George Jarndyce, the character man, to miss his cue by a whole .00007 of a second, and throw an entire scene. He would have reveled in the new musical score, in the scene designer's blueprints, in the patient diligence of the director.

As it is, Billy had enlivened the whole dismal realm of university grind by bringing to it some of the perverse charm of the theater, and when he incredibly greets a whole regiment of old boys each by his name at an Alumni Dinner (in Tarrytown or Tucson or Tuscany), in his gay friendliness there is an eagerness and

Next Week

FIGHTING YEARS
By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Reviewed by William Allen White

MEN AROUND THE PRESIDENT
By JOSEPH ALSOP AND ROBERT KINTNER
Reviewed by Duncan Aikman

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warmth which, on the stage, would have enchanted thousands.

With such gifts, Billy has not, like a considerable percentage of teachers, been afraid to stalk out from the secure mock-battles of the campus into the real war of mature life. I have seen him with bishops and generals and turtle-mouthed steel magnates and whole seethings of professional writers as their peer, their much-prized friend. I think of another well-known teacher of English who has been of value and comfort to generations of would-be writers in college but who, once they escape from his admonitions, begins to belittle them, with a paternal jealousy and a certain uneasy provincialism. Not Billy, ever. No one would be happier than he that one of his brood should outdistance him in fame. And, thus liberated from village envy, he has, without losing one of the disciplined standards of the schoolroom, for many years been able to see the passing show and passing showmen of French and English and American life as one familiar with the great.

What a kind, good, innocent, sweet life Billy Phelps's has been! Yet all his kindness and sweetness have not been the protective virtues of a timid man, but the easily worn adornments of a strong man, a cosmopolitan man, a man veritably of the world!

Adventures off Martha's Vineyard

ADRIANA. By George Dyer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $2.

THERE should be many people who will enjoy this story for the locale alone. Most of it takes place in the yachting waters off Martha's Vineyard. Nearly as many readers will find it a comforting narrative because of its authentic and fervid concern with sailing and navigation. A third and even larger audience should consist of those who have never raised a spinnaker or spent a vacation in Nantucket, but who relish a well-told tale of adventure with just the right flavoring of romance.

The present reviewer belongs in this last category. He enjoyed the quick, bright way the author presented his case. He followed excitedly the dramatic development of the plot, which starts as a casual romance and ends as a sinister conspiracy against the United States. He relished (after the manner of a mystery addict) the gruesome murder of the Japanese spy. To be sure, he sometimes found the story a strain on his credulity. But somehow he didn't find it objectionable, because it moved with such speed and simplicity.

An Education in Democracy

DEATH OF A YALE MAN. By Malcolm Ross. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

MALCOLM ROSS has here written the post-war equivalent of Lincoln Steffens's "Autobiography." Lest this be sacrilege, a paragraph makes haste to qualify what a sentence affirms. The range of Steffens's experience was so vast as to make him unique in his generation. Ross writes as a younger man whose life is only beginning to offer the opportunities embraced by Steffens's later years. In his shorter span, Ross has bridged an experience common to other Americans possessed

Malcolm Ross

of wanderlust, intelligence, and imagination. Steffens wrote an effortless, flowing prose never conspicuous as an end in itself, always sufficient to the tasks at hand. Ross surpasses Steffens in variety and scope of language and style.

But beneath these surface differences there is an important commonality of experience, intellect, sympathy, and conclusion. Coming from the comfortable class, both Steffens and Ross are driven toward the left in spite of the influence of their education, the dominant doctrines of their time, and the urge toward personal pecuniary gain. No radical theology, no powerful personal influences, no academic preconceptions are responsible for their leftward movement. Both are the beneficiaries of social change observed by sensitive, open minds. Conscious of the values which a paternalistic society may offer, and appreciative of the comforts enjoyed by the elite, both take their ultimate stand with militant democracy based upon the economic and political organization of these who work.

Malcolm Ross was well bred at Hotchkiss, Yale, and Lee, Higginson. He conformed to the pattern of the war-torn college generation, left Yale to fight in the air, and returned to have the winning of his degree eclipsed by participation in the town-gown riots of that year. A spell at selling bonds drove him West to the oil fields, then to the copper mines. Here he was introduced to the humanity upon whom by definition rather than in fact our democracy is based. Here his first faint questionings emerged. A spell as an efficiency expert, stop-watch in hand, embarrassed him more than it did those whom he watched.

Reporting in Dallas made him a specialist in husband-murder. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* gave him a front seat at the last appearance of Billy Sunday and introduced him to the southern mountaineer. He rose and fell with the New York *World* and does not mourn its passing. Traveler, novelist, speculator on the theory of aerodynamics, magazine editor, journalist in Harlan County, sociologist, and inexperienced private in the army of the unemployed—these are the pegs on which Malcolm Ross hangs his story of the twenties and early thirties.

From New York he went to Washington and a job on the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA. Kentucky coal fields had given Ross a glimmer of what the score was. The NRA experience indicated that the scoreboard is complicated enough to confuse most of the scorekeepers. The Consumers' Board was licked from the start. When it was quietly folding up, Ross went with the first National Labor Relations Board and, after the passage of the Wagner Act, became an officer of the present Board. There he remains as Director of Publications. At this point Ross ceases to spin his own story and begins to weave patterns in the tapestry of modern society.

The dominant *motif* in his rich fabric of observation is the conflict between paternalism and real democracy—economic and political. The conflict goes on in Ross's mind and emotions, and in his relations with his various sets of friends. It pervades the society around him and around us. In various forms, it is the major problem of our time. With grace, humor, tolerance, and understanding Ross makes his choice.

> A choice was presented during the past few years between betting on paternalism as a mood and a way of life, or of standing with the tough-fibred, earthy, sometimes brutal, often ignorant men and women who have been taught by living to hate paternalism. I think their instincts are right.

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A Stirring Story in Verse

EACH TO THE OTHER. By Christopher LaFarge. New York: Coward-McCann. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SINCE the days of Owen Meredith and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, poets have attempted to write novels in verse. Robert Browning, indeed, succeeded in giving us one for the ages in his extraordinary presentation of all sides of a crime in "The Ring and the Book." But there the peculiar tale was excavated from the past. The attempt to tell a modern story in accentuated rhythms has rarely been successful. But at last, I think, in "Each to the Other" Christopher LaFarge has succeeded in writing a living book possessed of all the novel's virtues, enhanced by supple and finely varied verse, which, while it seldom or never rises to the level of intensely memorable poetry, embodies a robust and dramatic story—a semi-autobiographical and semi-invented tale of youth, love, and marriage—of firm structure and emotional strength.

"Each to the Other" may not be the most significant of stories, and yet, despite sociology and economics, wild beasts of dictators, and the general state of the world, human society is (and always will be) so organized that the relationships between men and women are the most important matters in life. Tom Cottrell, a young man of breeding and an artistic and aristocratic background, frankly one of the privileged, possessed of no great fortune but without the necessity to worry about making a living—an active, imaginative, impressionable and distinctly likable youth—falls under the spell of a variety of successive women and preserves in his marriage of real love no faultless faithfulness. But he is one of the truly fortunate ones, in that he has the ability to learn from life. Most of us never do. Mr. LaFarge's book is about as far from being a tract about marriage as any novel could be, yet it does prove what all brave married people have always known, that if the requisite effort is put forth, the troublous state of matrimony—in a way quite an unnatural state for many men and a number of women—can be made a noble and rewarding thing.

The poet, however, did not write his book to give you a moral. He wrote it out of the compulsion of his own life, which obviously he has had a fine time living. He transformed the matter of his memories and diaries into a fabricated story where everything is changed around, but in it beats a living pulse because, in the fundamentals, it is his own story. As one who is still encountering the pitfalls of a somewhat similar attempt with utterly different material, the reviewer can understand Mr. LaFarge's difficulties. What stirs immediate praise is the construction of his story, a matter in which poets are particularly liable to err, with their love of language for its own sake. I believe the book could have been edited and shortened to its advantage. But it was allowable for the author to be at ease in the elbow-room a novel affords. To a small section of the reading public, which simply cannot stand a story that is not told in prose, "Each to the Other" will, unfortunately, remain a sealed book. But I am quite sure that the great majority is going to acquire from this highly readable story a taste for more of the same kind. They are, perhaps, unaware that Mr. LaFarge has given them something like this before, in "Hoxsie Sells His Acres," a study of Rhode Islanders old and new. Many more should have read that at the time—but it was "poetry" and their minds were closed. Now, however, they have a much superior book, in story, characterization, dramatic values, beauty, and terror; and they cannot afford to pass it by.

The portraiture throughout is that of a master: the grandfather (destined to live in literature), the convention-bound mother, the Negro body servant, many another character in the tale, including the mad assassin—but you'll have to do your own finding out about him. Mr. La Farge leads off his sections of the story with mobile sonnets and varies his rhythms with great expertness. He has complete command of his medium. He has done a difficult job extremely well.

Soil, Sea, and Sentiment

WINE OF GOOD HOPE. By David Rame. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is a first novel, richly promising, by David Rame, a young South African. It is a long novel stuffed with good things, "good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over." The hero's peregrinations take him from his African wine farm to adventures at sea, revolutions in South America, a rubber plantation in Malaya, a mangy Bohemianism in London, the clattery life of Greenwich Village, the elegance of Bar Harbor, the Pyrenees, finally back to Cape Town.

It is not merely a picaresque string of adventures, for the novelist would have us believe that Tony Lemaire is Hamlet as well as Ulysses. Almost half the book (the most satisfying part) is devoted to an affectionate description of Languedoc, the wine estate, and an account of the Lemaires, the extraordinary family of individualists who reside there. Inevitably there is Tony's matriarchal grandmother, a flywheel of common sense and acid humor in a household of sharp personal conflicts and in the general disorder resulting from the family disease of restlessness and wanderlust. Tony's parents, brothers, sisters, and cousins are sharply individualized and entirely credible. Tony is introspective, and as he passes from one unhappy adventure to another he masochistically flays himself for his weaknesses. After five hundred pages he exorcises the demon of vagrancy and returns humbly to his patient sweetheart and his beloved Languedoc.

"Wine of Good Hope" is written with genuine distinction. David Rame obviously has a love of words and exactness, but fortunately an even greater love of the soil, the sea, and the sound qualities in the heart of man. There is just enough gently mocking, intellectualized humor to quench the threatening sentimentalism of the love story and of Tony's search for his defaulting father. One wishes, however, that the hero's adventures were not so consistently squally. Whenever Tony puts to sea, there is sure to be a shattering storm; when he joins an Easter trek, the procession is harassed by floods; when he crosses a mountain, there is an avalanche; when he has an affair, one is reminded of Poe's vulgar phrase, "prey to the tumultuous vultures of stern passion." Such extravagances in so adult a novel are somewhat jarring. The quiet virtues of Rame's excellent prose and sound character study afford ample pleasure and excitement for the reader.

H. S. Latham

David Rame

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Fighting Painter

DIEGO RIVERA, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Bertram D. Wolfe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. $6.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

THIS book has some of the qualities of a fresco: lively contrasting colors, abundant detail, vigorous and absorbing action. Two volumes by Mr. Wolfe have already described Rivera's work at two periods in his career; these 407 pages of text and 167 illustrations portray the Mexican "monster of fecundity" from childhood in Guanajuato to the year 1939. Intimate association with Rivera, and access to the painter's correspondence and other papers, enable Mr. Wolfe to narrate the European wanderyears; the partnership with men like Modigliani, Kisling, and Picasso in the "rapid dance of isms"; cubist experiments with "hidden universal structure"; the impact of Italian mural art on a man in search of a social-monumental painting which could nourish and inform the masses of his own countrymen; an amorous career involving three wives; the long succession of conflicts with individual and group patrons,—Mexican Governments, Soviet Russia, the Communist Party, the custodians of "culture" in Detroit, the dictators of artistic reputability in New York City, the proprietor of the Hotel Reforma. These chapters include such fresh and useful material as, for example, the story of Rivera's projected reforms in the San Carlos Academy of Fine Arts, his relations with Elie Faure, glimpses into the devious mind of Vasconcelos, and certain letters relating to the Rockefeller Center episode which prove not only how hopeless was Rivera's attempt to base his mural on the "fuzzy verbiage" of the assigned theme, but how ruthless was the destruction of the mural.

Comparison is inevitable between Rivera and Orozco, who, like Ingres and Delacroix, became "two unwilling chieftains of the rival feudist bands." The Dartmouth Orozcos would seem to disprove Mr. Wolfe's assertion that modern society is too complicated for Orozco to grasp, that "his masses are multiples of nonentity," that his art lacks social affirmations, and that, as Rivera himself put it, his work will never "fill a mural role as part of a harmonic construction." The author quite properly reminds us, however, that one need not reject Orozco in order to praise Rivera, or vice versa; and he quotes the more laudatory phrases Rivera has applied to his colleague.

In attempting an estimate of Rivera's achievement, his biographer writes that "even on walls his facility at times has hurt him," and suggests that time will separate success from failure by "that pruning and rearrangement which his [Rivera's] 'biological' urge will not permit him to attempt." The book ends with a question: "What reasons of clique or faction or interest, what waywardness of the painter, can justify to the future the blank spaces and the wasted years?" This remains the crucial question concerning Rivera; the others follow from it. How much of the Mexican's work is of enduring quality because embodying what Wolfe calls knowledge "felt as well as known, reacted to as well as apprehended, absorbed until it becomes 'second nature'"; how much embodies material crowded beyond endurance, described minutely rather than felt deeply, garrulous but not eloquent? Is the career of this richly talented painter to be charted as an ascending curve which culminates in the great wall of the National Palace; or do those earlier frescoes which the painter now thinks of as mere "populism" possess in greater degree the "masculine and simple" quality he seeks? To what extent have those recurrent crises which have made Rivera the most turbulent of modern painters arisen from the inevitable conflict between revolutionary artist and reactionary patron; to what extent are they attributable to the ruthless egoism, the lack of self-discipline, the guerrilla temperament to which so many pages of this book bear witness? Laymen, artists, and critics who attempt to answer these questions will find that Mr. Wolfe has provided material which is indispensable for their purpose.

At the Amazon's Mouth

FEUDAL ISLAND. By Desmond Holdridge. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THOSE who read that excellent travel book, "Escape to the Tropics," will recall the humor, verve, and authority with which Desmond Holdridge writes of both small and large adventures. His new book describes a social anachronism, the feudal society operating successfully on the island Marajo, in the mouth of the Amazon, which a few white families have dominated since the days of the Brazilian Empire. Though the brown retainers are still so dependent upon their patron that they can leave the ranch only with his permission, they are completely happy and economically secure; a suicide has never been known among them.

Holdridge and his wife spent the rainy season on one of the larger ranches, and joined in the round-ups and the great hunts for crocodile and wild buffalo. Oxen were broken to the saddle there, for horses could not travel through the swamps. The customs of the island, the dances, the magic, were diverting if not always hygienic, and the author was particularly interested in digging for pottery, of uncertain origin, in the burial mounds; an art had been buried with it, for the modern natives were so unskilled in handicraft that they dug up and used the ancient vessels rather than attempt to reproduce them. Of more immediate interest were the other white visitors to the ranch, the ex-lion-tamer and the radium prospector, both German, who were suspect to the government, for Brazil was then having considerable trouble with the powerful Integralistas, the representatives of Nazi Germany.

Holdridge has a quick ear for the turn of dialogue or the sounds a ghost might make when walking through his waste basket; it is important for him to note the exact "eenk-a-da-unk-a-dunk" of his complaining saddle beneath him. His eye delights to find the view down a crocodile's throat "esthetically pleasing. In fact the whole animal is a functional joy, without a gadget on it. . . ." His nose revolts at the stench of a crocodile wound in human flesh, and his palate enjoys good rum. A man of great sensual gifts is Holdridge, and he imparts them extremely well.

Cowboys dragging canoe through the Mondongos, with a squall approaching. (From "Feudal Island.")

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An Artist in Fiction

PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER. By Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER moves in the illustrious company headed by Hawthorne, Flaubert, and Henry James. It is the company of story-tellers whose fiction possesses distinct esthetic quality, whose feelings have attained harmonic expression in their work. Form, invention, and poetry to no uncertain degree were of the essence of the moving stories by this Texas woman collected a few years ago under the title "Flowering Judas." Even more definitely these properties distinguish the trio of tiny, affecting novels which comprise her present welcome volume. The book is that rare thing, the product of an accomplished artist in fiction.

Its artistic qualities do not draw attention to themselves. Beautifully modeled, petal-like sentences abound in the three novelettes. But unlike those of other conscious stylists, Kay Boyle for example, they never seem to stud the prose and pirouette in the direction of imaginary footlights. They move unobtrusively and precisely. So, too, do the narratives: without breaks and with inflexible steadiness and suppleness, easily, almost with sprightliness. Each of the narratives maintains its own tone—in the sense of effects of color and modulations and accents appropriate to the expression of its individual sentiment. And each of the poignant little dramas represented by them unfolds continuously and unpredictably, never betraying its ultimate turns, which arrive as shocks and surprises. Ideal beauty, a fugitive poetry, again and again flashes through the substance of the narratives. But the tone, too, invariably is unemphatic and quiet.

All these esthetic qualities are the expressive means of a singularly unified, rich feeling of life. This feeling, by and large, is a quick, subtle, sorrowful intuition of the eternal discord and harshness of things, their bittersweet, their baffling complexity. Wholly pessimistic this experience is not, since it recognizes—and with what keenness and delight—the smile of goodness, the shimmer of joy. Miss Porter's protagonists — simply drawn but solid and breathing—are gentle, naturally compassionate, but wrecked by fatal conflicts between character and circumstance, among them erotic fixations and maldevelopments. The first of them, the heroine of "Old Mortality"—who is seen through the wondering and half-comprehensive gaze of a child—is a brilliant, hysterical, anesthetic belle of the old days who flees from marriage into death. The second, the principal personage of "Noon Wine"—possibly the most touching and perfect of the triad of novelettes—is an easy-going Southern farmer who, deprived of self-confidence by the chronic invalidism of his wife, crazily commits a hideous crime in the effort to intercept a gratuitous act of inhumanity. And the half-starved little newspaper-woman of the story which lends its name to the volume, finds a momentary lover in the boy who saves her from death, and then recovers to learn that he has died and left her in a void. Like the preceding tales, this last one with its magical recapture of the atmosphere of the war years leaves one at a peaceful distance from the world.

George Platt Lynes
Katherine Anne Porter

From the jacket of "Jubal Troop"

Excitement All Over the Map

JUBAL TROOP. By Paul I. Wellman. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

HERE is "Anthony Adverse" all over again, but with new backdrops, new costumes, and a cast of 1000—count 'em, 1,000. It is, in other words, a vast panoramic melodrama which romps over the North, South, and West and pauses with simple boyish curiosity to watch whatever may be going on in North Dakota, Texas, Mexico, or Oklahoma in the way of murder, assault, intimidation, torture, or banditry. There is quite enough of all those interests to satisfy the very lustiest taste.

The central figure, who gives his curiously militant-sounding name to the title, is one of those conventionalized hero-villains whose character has been "tempered to hardness" by "his own harsh experience." At eighteen, he has killed his first man, the well-meaning husband of Jubal's tiger cat of a mistress. Following that auspicious graduation into manhood, he starts out to make his way in the world, struggling through a blizzard with a posse at his heels.

That sets the mood for the rhapsody of violence that his life is to be. Jubal is in his element with gamblers, orgy-loving ranchers, hard-bitten remittance men. He has good luck and bad in the neat and orderly alternation of romance. At one moment, he mines for gold in the solitude of the mountains and makes a small fortune only to see it lost when his donkey goes hurtling over a mountainside with the bag of winnings strapped to his back.

Jubal's most savory little escapade involves his purchase from a Mexican bandit of cattle stolen in his raids. This is the cozy basis of the Troop fortune, which is further enlarged when, by availing himself of all the sly tricks which are just within the law, he manages to corner valuable oil land in Oklahoma.

All the while there are rather virulent ladies in Jubal's life. They love him, betray him, and love him again. For his part, he is true—in his fashion—to one alone, whom he follows unsuccessfully for years. Curiously enough, when he has caught up with her at last and married her, his enthusiasm seems to cool. He neglects her for business and lets her divorce him. But it all comes out splendidly. For when his fortune has been wiped out by Big Oil on page 583, his faithful Naoma returns to him and they are planning to begin again.

There are lively and amusing things in "Jubal Troop." Perhaps every incident could be paralleled by an actual happening out of the mad fantasy of the development of the South and West. But as Mr. Wellman has written his story it seems like the scenario for a monumental series of "Westerns." All the conventions of the hard-riding, quick-on-the-trigger, devil-may-care tradition are in it. Jubal Troop's individual psychology seems at once monstrous and infantile. Mr. Wellman discusses it with the passionately absorbed naiveté of a very clever and industrious little boy. His book can be recommended, without reservation, only to those who remember with reverence the movies that Bill Hart used to make.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Raised Highbrows

AN interesting discussion of literary mortality and its subtle causes appears in a book of criticism and autobiography* by Cyril Connolly, a young Irishman with an English public school education. Mr. Connolly says that his one ambition is "to write a book that will hold good for ten years afterwards." Accordingly he tries to isolate and define the qualities that make books endure. Mr. Connolly does not quite go to the point of saying that if he knew the prescription, he could write the everlasting book. The question of literary mortality is raised primarily, it seems, to provide a frame of reference for his criticism of twentieth-century writers. Some of his criticism is clever; occasionally it is brilliant; but there is a fundamental preciosity in his point of view.

"Enemies of Promise" is written in three parts. The first part is straight criticism, beginning with the statement of ambition quoted, and proceeding to a discussion of contemporary writers with particular attention to the qualities of their style. Mr. Connolly divides style into two categories, the "Mandarin" (ornate) and the "Vernacular." Examples of the former include Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Lytton Strachey; of the latter, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway, E. M. Forster. Like most dichotomists, Mr. Connolly is too rigid with his categories, but there is much good incidental criticism of individual writers, leading up to the point that the Mandarins have tended to inflation, losing contact with their material; that the practitioners of the Vernacular have tended so far to deflation that they become indistinguishable from their imitators. "Is there a possibility of a new kind of prose developing out of a synthesis of Orlando and the Tough Guy? Will the strong writers of the colloquial school heighten the form of their work or the Formalists deepen their content?"

The second part of "Enemies of Promise" raises questions as to the writer's relations to life and to affairs. It is an interesting attempt to define the obstacles to literary creation. Among other "dangers and temptations to writers today," Mr. Connolly discusses the economic necessity, the bad influence of journalistic training, the attempt of many writers to dabble in politics instead of writing books, the dangers of "Escapism," the blight of success. Here again, as in the preceding section on style, there is a great deal in what the author says, and he says all of it well. His writing is alive, with the life of healthy skepticism, intelligence, and personal prejudice. It is in his prejudices that he occasionally becomes precious. For instance, his discussion of journalism takes no account of the probability that if newspaper training is bad for some writers, it is demonstrably good for others. And his assumption that the production of a best seller automatically ruins a writer for life is merely an assumption.

By now, Mr. Connolly has emerged as an able eclectic critic, opinionated, limited, but vigorous; and we could easily have foregone the last third of his book, a short autobiography inserted on the excuse that it shows the author's credentials as a critic, which have already been made evident in his criticism. The autobiography is the same essentially as that of every bright young Englishman of the post-war generation; it particularly emphasizes what has long been familiar to readers of English novels and autobiographies, the influence of the public school system in developing sadism and other perversions. An overabundance of British writers have already assured us that the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was written on the playing fields of Eton.

For the limited audience which enjoys reading literary criticism, this is an enjoyable and stimulating book. Why should it be for a limited audience? Mr. Connolly unconsciously supplies the answer, in the preciosity already mentioned. His discussion of literary immortality blithely writes off not only Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett, but even D. H. Lawrence and Lytton Strachey, as "out of fashion. They are as if they had never been." In his view, contemporary books which have lasted ten years are books that have particularly influenced him and other intellectual critics: books like "South Wind," "Howard's End," and "Point Counter Point." These are very good books, to be sure. But many others of this century have lasted ten years and more, only to be slighted by Mr. Connolly. If he wants to talk about books that have lived ten years, he ought to find out what some of them are. He might well consult reprint publishers' catalogues and public library records. He ought to look at what the public library patron is reading. It is apt to be Edna Ferber's "So Big" or Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith." It is much more likely to be "The Forsyte Saga" or "Sons and Lovers" or "The Old Wives' Tale" than any of the more "influential" novels which Mr. Connolly favors. We refer Mr. Connolly to the list of books most in demand at the New York Public Library, as of a survey conducted there three years ago.† Mr. Connolly's tastes, prejudices, and assumptions are so typically those of the highbrow critic that they seem worth impaling for once. But it is the average reader as much as the highbrow critic who makes books live ten years and more.

* *ENEMIES OF PROMISE. By Cyril Connolly. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $2.75.*

† Discussed in a *Saturday Review* editorial, July 2, 1938.

Mr. Browning Revises—1939

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

England Rushes Spring Plans for Civilian Defense—
(Headline in the Times.)

OH, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
For whoever wakes in England
Sees the Placards in the square,
And workmen planting the garden closes
With bomb-proof shelters instead of roses,
While the gas-mask's tailored to suit the brow
In England, now.

And after April, when May follows,
How lads will train in the country hollows!
Look—where we used to pluck the daffodil,
They're laying out a Rural Safety Station
(Dug like a trench below the grassy hill)
Designed for London's quick evacuation
Some evening when a Siren, through the hush,
Calls louder than the thrush.
And where the hedgerows glisten in the sun
Now shyly lurks the anti-aircraft gun
Waiting to flower, when it gets its focus,
With blossoms brighter far than any crocus.

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Letters to the Editor: *American Writers and British Reviewers*

English Reviewing

SIR:—As an English reviewer, I regret to read Mr. A. Edward Newton's letter (*SRL,* March 4) asserting that my colleagues and I are "always prejudiced" against American books. Mr. Newton, I think, cannot be very familiar with the English press, or he would be aware of the widespread admiration which has been expressed for such authors as Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, O'Hara, Saroyan, Prokosch, Kenneth Roberts, James Farrell, Dos Passos, Don Marquis, Ogden Nash, Edmund Wilson, MacLeish, Robert Sherwood, and Edna Ferber—to name a few as they come to mind. Critics don't always agree, and even the best of authors get a bad review somewhere: I expect that is as true of England as of America. But if there is any general prejudice, it tends to be in favor of American books. In the last two decades America has to a great extent set the pace, both in fiction and in verse. There is also the expectation that those American books which English publishers introduce to us have been chosen as the best and most representative of America's total output. For these two reasons, I think most English reviewers are pleased when an American book comes their way.

Perhaps Mr. Newton will set more value on a particular case. I have a great regard for a certain American author whose work is not well-known in England. A book of his was recently issued in England, with some prospect of being overlooked. I phoned the London office of his American publisher and suggested various editors who would be most likely to review the book, provided they were properly informed of it. I also took the trouble of phoning some of them myself. I believe Mr. Newton will agree that that was not a case of malicious prejudice, but a sign that there are English critics who value the best of your writers and would like a closer cultural exchange—especially with your younger critics, who are far ahead of ours.

DESMOND HAWKINS.

Essex, England

"An artistic jacket, Mr. Ploom, but it doesn't quite express the book."

Spanish Intellectual Aid

SIR:—The concentration camps which the French government has set up in and around Perpignan contain some 400,000 souls—Spaniards who have fled the Franco push which swamped Catalonia. Among these are hundreds of intellectuals—scholars, writers, artists, and scientists. Spanish Intellectual Aid was organized two weeks ago by Professor Franz Boas, Professor Leslie C. Dunn, Dr. Karl Menninger, Vincent Sheean, Professor Harold C. Prey, and myself. Its purpose is to raise money to aid these scholars, writers, artists, and scientists who have been suffering unbelievably since they were forced to flee their country. The Committee has given me the honor of serving as chairman and Richard Storrs Childs is acting as treasurer. The aims of Spanish Intellectual Aid are twofold: to remove the Spanish intellectuals from the concentration camps, and to place them in temporary rest havens in France. Already $2,400 has been cabled to Paris for this purpose, and one rest haven housing ten writers has been set up near Nice. One tremendous loss has been sustained. Antonio Machado, one of Spain's most brilliant poets, is dead, a victim of these horrible conditions.

Five, ten, or a hundred dollars can spell life for a Spanish writer. Money which is sent to Spanish Intellectual Aid, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., is immediately cabled to Paris to save the lives of men the world cannot afford to lose.

LOUIS BROMFIELD.

New York City

Literary Scholarship

SIR:—Let me add my applause to what I am sure is by now a loud and lusty welcome to Mr. Jones's "What's the Matter with Literary Scholarship?" Every paragraph carries a full-ton wallop. Let us hope that after that masterly opening paragraph, we hear no more about the absence of belles-lettres in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association.* Where but in America would it be necessary to tell literate readers that they will not find in the *PMLA* the kind of critical articles they will find in the *Atlantic* or in the *SRL?* Can we imagine M. Cazamian lamenting in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* the absence of belle lettristic articles in the *Revue de Synthèse* or a German critic wailing over the fact that *Englische Studien* does not publish the kind of thing found in the *Neue Rundschau?* Doesn't this very question point once more to the often-noted fact that our great republic is not a very comfortable home for certain kinds of workers—the writer, the artist, the scholar? Let a man publish fifty pages of prickly fact-material in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review,* or in *Modern Philology,* and at once those "general readers," who by accident or morbid curiosity occasionally look into such periodicals, will ask the old American question: "What in heaven's name is the *good* of such stuff?" Now a European reader, unlike his democratic American brother, for whom all things are made, would never think himself qualified to ask that question. Certainly an Englishman would conclude: "Curious stuff—dull as hell—but every man to his taste. And these scholar chaps no doubt like it as well as I like collecting old pipes." I have always felt that the English gift of amateurism is the best thing to point to when the Babbitts ask their irrelevant questions about scholarship—assuming that we are talking about the true article, not about mere whoring after the Ph.D., or after the jobs sometimes granted for mountainous pedantry. The only justification for scholarship is that one likes to engage in it. And the reason America turns out so few real scholars is, as Mr. Jones says, that the universities do not nourish a pure, uncommercial love of it, but demand it, buy it, and sometimes pay for it. When we stop paying high premiums on mere dryasdust fact-accumulation, when we begin to encourage the scholars to try their hand at humane writing, and when we as a public begin to understand—and appreciate—the nature—of true scholarship, we'll begin to have the "great scholars" we are looking for.

CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.

Milford, Conn.

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Nazi Spies in America

SECRET ARMIES. The New Technique of Nazi Warfare. By John L. Spivak. New York: Modern Age Books. 1939. **50 cents.**

SECRET AGENTS AGAINST AMERICA. By Richard Wilmer Rowan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN a period of intense excitement, nervousness, and international friction like the present there is every danger that we here in the United States will yield to a spy hysteria similar to that after we entered the war, see a Nazi or a Japanese behind every tree, and find a gun-platform on every golf links. On the other hand, every intelligent man knows that millions of marks are being spent in this country to undermine our institutions, to set Gentiles against Jews, and to spy upon our military and naval forces. American citizens are being bought and are lending themselves to these treasonable activities in addition to the open support of Hitler given by the uniformed and ununiformed members of the disloyal German-American Bund. The last few months have seen several spy trials, in New York, in California, and Panama, with convictions in every case, so that there is a widespread belief that the situation is so serious as to warrant most careful study of the facts and prompt governmental action. Naturally we have had a number of publications, none of which has yet been classed as authoritative, objective, and entirely factual.

Mr. Spivak's little book appears to me the most meritorious because he has himself done a great deal of personal investigation. He would, however, have done better to confine himself entirely to our American situation, for his first three chapters dealing with Czechoslovakia, England's Cliveden set, and France's secret fascist army are too short and too superficial to add to our knowledge—the Astor house parties have been much overdone both here and abroad. But the facts Mr. Spivak has brought together as to what is happening here are, as a whole, impressive and alarming, even though much of what he says is *obiter dicta* and carries with it no evidence to prove his assertions. That weakness he explains by saying that "the sources for most of the material, by its very nature, naturally cannot be revealed." True; but Mr. Spivak makes some statements, such as that the twenty-one Japanese at Puntarenas, Costa Rica, could quickly turn the smooth acres of the cotton-growing experiment station there "into an air base," which smack too much of the miraculous efficiency of Mr. Moto. No twenty-one and no 210 men ever built an equipped air-field, and certainly not overnight.

When Mr. Spivak deals with our American tools of Hitler he is on sure ground. He shows how Henry Ford, through one of his employees, has been aiding the American drive against the Jews. He charges that Gerald B. Winrod, who ran for Governor in Kansas last year, after suddenly emerging from poverty in Wichita, was in close touch with the German Embassy (Mr. Spivak timed one visit of an hour and eighteen minutes) and then organized his *Capital News* and *Feature Service*, anti-democratic, anti-Semite, pro-German, with plenty of money in order to give it free to any daily desiring it. He recalls that Fritz Kuhn, head of the Bund, was for some time in Henry Ford's pay, and recites some of the activities of Nazi agents in our colleges.

There are valuable letters here as to the Bund activities in this country and in Mexico which Mr. Spivak dug up and offered to the Dies Committee—in vain. This material needs to be further developed and set forth in a compelling manner so that we should have an even better basis for asking our rulers in Washington why they are not proceeding against some of the malefactors.

Mr. Rowan's book contains nothing new, nothing that has not already appeared in the press. He feels terribly concerned because we have so little counter-espionage—less than anybody else—and feels we should have much more at once. He, like Mr. Spivak, is worried about the Panama Canal, but others are not, notably Major George Fielding Eliot, in his able study, "The Ramparts We Watch." Sabotage worries Mr. Rowan most. He is sure an endless amount of this is being planned for the event of war. He emphasizes, too, the pressure being exerted by German and Italian consuls even upon American citizens. One wonders why the State Department and the President, if these charges are verifiable, have not bundled several consuls out of the country.

A Memorial to Czechoslovakia

NORTH OF THE DANUBE. By Erskine Caldwell, with 64 photographs by Margaret Bourke-White. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN Miss Bourke-White and Mr. Caldwell went to Czechoslovakia, that country was free, strong, and prosperous. But it was threatened by Nazi Germany. Then came the "peace of Munich." By the time "North of the Danube" was published, Czechoslovakia had disappeared. To some people, therefore, this book may seem to be out of date and useless.

The reviewer feels differently about it. Here is a memorable record—written and pictorial—of the little Republic that for two decades was a bulwark of enlightened government in Central Europe. The political structure of Czechoslovakia is gone, it is true. But although many of his sentences have proved politically prophetic, Mr. Caldwell does not emphasize politics. He is interested in the people, their customs, their thoughts, their attitude toward life and death and the threatened loss of liberty. And Miss Bourke-White has taken compassionate pictures of Czechoslovakia that will live long after the present frontiers of the Reich have been swept away.

Now more than ever, perhaps, such a book is timely. It should be read by everybody who wants to know the Czechoslovakia that was; it reduces to poignantly human terms the pitiless operation of *Machtpolitik*.

Henry C. Wolfe is the author of "The German Octopus."

Margaret Bourke-White

Girls and sugar beets in Slovakia (from "North of the Danube").

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Breaking the Codes

SECRET AND URGENT. By Fletcher Pratt, Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. 1939. $3.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

CRYPTOGRAMS of all sorts are more popular than ever before, as the puzzle-corners of newspapers attest. Poe thought he was doing a good job on the cipher in "The Gold Bug," and so he was, for the reading public of his time—but any contemporary puzzle-corner expert could crack that particular message with very little difficulty. Now in "Secret and Urgent," Mr. Pratt gives us a readable, chatty, and expert account of codes and ciphers through the ages. It is full of good stories, it is clear, it goes from Lysander of Sparta to the wreck of the L-49, and it is likely to start the casual reader writing down strange groups of jumbled letters on his scratch-pad, just to see if, after he's gotten the blame thing enciphered, he'll be able to read it himself. After that, the next step is to get in touch with another cipher fan—and, after that, your wife begins to complain that you're never on time for dinner.

The Rosetta Stone, the Bacon-Shakespeare imbroglio, the "lightning gibberish" of the German radio-station at Nauen, thieves' codes and Nihilist ciphers and the Great Cipher of Louis XIV—these are a few of the high spots touched upon in Mr. Pratt's entertaining account. On the solid side, there is a lucid explanation, with examples, of the theory and practice of various types of ciphers, from the simplest substitution cipher to the Pin-wheel or Disc cipher, with its complications and difficulties. The pig-pen, the Bacon bilateral, the Vignere tableau, the Kasiski method of decipherment—the names alone are worth the price of admission. Through troubled times and normal the world's chancelleries and war-departments keep on with their ciphers and their code-books. And no sooner has man's ingenuity devised an apparently unbreakable cipher than man's ingenuity devises a method of decipherment. It was so in the last war, it will be so in the next. But the secret struggle goes on. You must be able to convey information to your own side so the other side won't know it. You can shave a slave's head and paint the message on his skull, you can jumble sounds on the radio—the problem is still the same. The small boy talks pig-Latin, the weary head of a bureau fags his brain over gibbering letter-groups—they are brothers under the skin. But, now and then, a broken cipher may alter history. And it is this fascination of the secret—and the fascination of attempting to unravel a secret—to which "Secret and Urgent" appeals.

The appendix will prove of great assistance to the amateur cryptographer. But the average reader, if there is such a beast, will read the book for the story and be well repaid. I am only sorry, for personal and selfish reasons, that Mr. Pratt did not see fit to include a brief description of the code-room of the United States Department of State, during the late unpleasantness. For it harbored, at various times, not only myself but the gentleman now known as Jav Franklin, and, as I am reliably informed, Mr. James Thurber. Yet, America did win the war.

Fall of a Dynasty

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION, 1688-1689. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THIS is a brief and discriminating eulogy of the "Glorious Revolution" in which Whigs and Tories, Dissenters and High Churchmen combined to expel James II and set up the Protestant succession and the rule of Parliament. Professor Trevelyan indignantly rejects the theory that the coup d'état which seated William and Mary on the throne was exclusively aristocratic. Through the "luck" of James II's peculiar temperament, he believes, all patriotic Englishmen were united in a common opposition to royal tyranny and papist aggression, and thus were able to achieve their unique and happy revolution, at once liberal and conservative, confirming liberty and inculcating respect for law. Under this settlement of 1689, unchanged in its essentials, he points out, England has flourished while other nations have lost their less ancient liberties.

No one is better qualified to write of the revolution of 1689 than Professor Trevelyan. In the crisp, brisk narrative which condenses the story of the fall of a dynasty into a hundred and seventy small pages, one acknowledges the hand of a master historian. One hesitates even to suggest that the fear of French aggression may not have had quite as much importance for the average Englishman in 1688 as is implied. The opening and closing generalizations are rounded with such eloquence and Olympian authority that one is almost persuaded that the "revolution" whereby the English ruling class closed its ranks and consolidated its power really was glorious. Perhaps an illustrious shade in the historian's heaven might deprecate his grand-nephew's wistfulness over "that blessed breathing space between the English and the French revolutions." T. B. Macaulay always held that it was the duty of a liberal to keep fifty years ahead of current Tory ideals. But Macaulay might be moved to join with many living Englishmen in sighing for the brave days when a government whose abject foreign policy endangered the safety of Europe was kicked out of office, even though it took a revolution.

Stendhal dancing in a pub—drawn by Alfred de Musset

Beyle and Posterity

STENDHAL. By F. C. Green. New York: The Macmillan Co. (Cambridge University Press.) 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES ORRICK

"I AM taking out a ticket in a lottery the winning number of which is 1935," declared Stendhal, in Professor Green's rather elliptical translation. (Later—in the last sentence of this rather diffuse study—he quotes the original: "dont le gros lot se réduit à ceci: être lu en 1935.") Only last year, in 1938, the last volume of the definitive edition of Stendhal's works appeared. Now comes a book by the Drapers Professor of French at the University of Cambridge, and well known authority on the French novel, which is essentially a commentary on the complete life and works of Henri Beyle.

Stendhal, as he preferred to call himself and as one cannot help thinking of him, did not have to wait until 1935 to be read, nor even to be recognized as a genius. When "La Chartreuse de Parme" appeared it was called, by no less a reviewer than Balzac, "un livre où le sublime éclate de chapitre en chapitre." But, although Professor Green can say: "'Le Rouge et le Noir' and 'La Chartreuse de Parme' have one thing in common. Both possess to a high degree the esthetic quality called unity of tone"—nevertheless Stendhal's two best-known works differ from each other and from the rest of his writings enough to elude any comprehensive formula until every fact, every shade has been felt and weighed. It might almost be said that Stendhal could not be understood by anyone who had not also read Proust. And in this sense he has had to wait.

Professor Green's study possesses intelligence, sympathy, and, of course, eru-

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dition of the first water. There are many passages of the most illuminating kind of critical analysis. He has a gift for entertaining obiter dicta and a nice turn of phrase. His only defect as a critic is the same which is noticeable in his earlier writings on the French novel, a sudden failure of insight on account of personal prejudices against certain well established modern writers and modern points of view. A discursive quality leads also to tedium from time to time and to repetition. No student of French literature and no admirer of Stendhal could fail to find information and stimulation here, nor will he fail to receive a strong impression of Beyle's personal presence in these pages. But if he has read Stendhal's own writings he will come away with an unsatisfied feeling. The time is ripe for a brilliant biography of Stendhal. With all it has to offer, Mr. Green's is not it.

T. S. Eliot's New Play

THE FAMILY REUNION. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. $1.50.

Reviewed by SHERMAN CONRAD

WITH this play it becomes substantially apparent what Eliot's theater-poetry has been coming toward and is to be. "Sweeney Agonistes" was fragmentary experiment; "The Rock" was pageant with a ready-given scenario; "Murder in the Cathedral" was a history worked into verse drama for a Church occasion. But granted their merits (particularly of the last-named), these pieces were finally only indicative, Eliot's necessary divagations while moving toward a new form. With "The Family Reunion," a play completely "of his own devising," he appears as an accomplished poet-dramatist; the work bears the same direct, personal impact that his non-dramatic poetry does. In fact, this play carries on, in theme, from the last poem in his collected poetry, "Burnt Norton." "Murder in the Cathedral" naturally was related to that poem, but only in a sidelong way. This play is "Burnt Norton," in modern and personal terms, in the true dramatist's way, with the material personified and made explicit.

Eliot's maturest conclusion in his essays on dramatic poetry was: "If you want form you must go deeper than dramatic technique," into some sub-stratum of values, sociological, moral, or religious. The form of this play, what it is as theater-poetry, derives from just that fact: it is identical with the values it elucidates. These values have to do with the different planes of spiritual blindness and insight where human beings live. The characters are a contemporary family of the English peerage: the dowager mother, her sisters and brothers, her sons and a cousin, assembled in the ancestral house for a reunion. Most of them are unaware of anything beyond their immediate concerns; in Eliot's phrase, they *see* nothing. Aunt Agatha and Mary see a little; Harry, the son and heir, sees most. His vision is "of the unredeemable degradation," the corruption of life. The Eumenides which pursue him become literally apparent to him at home. Through Agatha, he learns that his Furies have a reality in the sins of his family. In his acceptance he is able to *see* through to a final expiation, and thus released he leaves to work out the curse. Immediate though the comparison is to the Orestes myth, it must not be overemphasized, for Eliot has discovered it all in his own terms. This world "of always more to understand" is like Henry James's; in its vision "of the horror of the night time—the nether world" it is like Djuna Barnes's; but since Harry learns "there is always more to suffer," it is finally that part of the Christian world which is Eliot's own.

The play's unique quality as theater-poetry corresponds exactly to this sliding scale of values. When the "blind" members of the family have the scene, the play is as prosaic in language, as realistic in stage-picture, as Maugham or Wilde. With Harry and Agatha the play intensifies into poetry as maturely beautiful as any Eliot has written; the stage directions suggest movement and gesture that are rightly unrealistic and choreographic.

Sherman Conrad has been associated with the Theater Studio of the Drama Division of Bennington College.

The Road to Crime

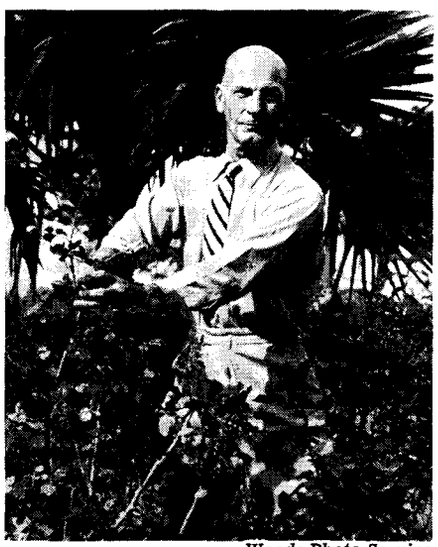
DESIGNS IN SCARLET. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Boston: Little, Brown Co. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

FEW pictures of moral degeneration have been more graphic than this painstaking analysis by Courtney Ryley Cooper. What makes it doubly shocking is the fact that it centers around the younger generation. A year of intensive investigation revealed that crime and corruption are rampant among American youth, without regard, in many instances, to environment, geography, or education. It revealed that the trend toward criminality, far from being checked, is actually on the increase. But above all, it is the author's thesis that the moral conscience of public opinion is rapidly disintegrating.

"Designs in Scarlet" is a red signal of warning. Mr. Cooper calls upon the public conscience to get a grip on itself; to stamp out the ever-increasing breeding places of crime—the taxi-dance halls, the tourist cabins, the dine-and-dance taverns scattered along every mile of country road throughout the nation. He writes not alone from police files, but from personal experience.

For a year Mr. Cooper traveled by car across the continent vertically and horizontally, working "sixteen hours" a day. He learned how easy it is to pick up a waitress in a roadside tavern; borrow a "marihuana" cigarette from a high-school girl or boy; locate a small-town bagnio; embark upon, pursue, and conclude a career of prostitution. He discovered the ubiquitous haunts of degeneracy and the appalling degree to which it is practised. In his relentless search for case histories (he includes more than 200 in his narrative) he found a nation nowhere free of the festering sore of crime.



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Courtney Ryley Cooper

The reviewer is in no position to dispute his figures, yet cannot escape the feeling that Mr. Cooper launched upon his investigation in the spirit of a crusader—in a worthy cause, to be sure—yet eager to support his convictions with evidence. His final chapter is called "So What?" He blames the conditions he found on three factors: parents, prohibition, and the depression. He writes:

> One of the great dangers of parental laxity is that it offers an alibi. It gives the youth, straining instinctively at the leash, an excuse for doing things which tempt him. It aids the crook; and any tavern keeper . . . prostitute, bartender or anyone else who profits at the possible expense of a youth's morals, is a cheap, miserable, slimy crook, whether he possesses a criminal record or not . . . It condones inefficiency in such public offices as are charged with the guarding or rehabilitation of the young. Most of all, it gives politics a chance to do as it pleases and place the blame somewhere else.

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BOOK PREVIEW

No Riders

BY

JOHN STEINBECK

This week *The Saturday Review* presents a chapter, slightly abridged, from John Steinbeck's novel, "The Grapes of Wrath." An early chapter in the novel, it is a complete story in itself. "The Grapes of Wrath" will be published April 14 by the Viking Press.

Resettlement Administration, Dorothea Lange
Western Road

A HUGE red transport truck stood in front of the little roadside restaurant. The vertical exhaust pipe muttered softly, and an almost invisible haze of steel-blue smoke hovered over its end. It was a new truck, shining red, and in twelve-inch letters on its side, OKLAHOMA CITY TRANSPORT COMPANY. Its double tires were new, and a brass padlock stood straight out from the hasp on the big back doors. Inside the screened restaurant a radio played, quiet dance music turned low the way it is when no one is listening. A small outlet fan turned silently in its circular hole over the entrance, and flies buzzed excitedly about the doors and windows, butting the screens. Inside, one man, the truck driver, sat on a stool and leaned his elbows on the counter and looked over his coffee at the lean and lonely waitress. He talked the smart listless language of the roadsides to her. "I seen him about three months ago. He had a operation. Cut somepin out. I forget what." And she—"Doesn't seem no longer than a week I seen him myself. Looked fine then. He's a nice sort of a guy when he ain't stinko." Now and then the flies roared softly at the screen door. The coffee machine spurted steam and the waitress, without looking, reached behind her and shut it off.

Outside, a man walking along the edge of the highway crossed over and approached the truck. He walked slowly to the front of it, put his hand on the shiny fender, and looked at the *No Riders* sticker on the windshield. For a moment he was about to walk on down the road, but instead he sat on the running board on the side away from the restaurant. He was not over thirty. His eyes were very dark brown and there was a hint of brown pigment in his eyeballs. His cheek bones were high and wide, and strong deep lines cut down his cheeks, in curves beside his mouth. His upper lip was long, and since his teeth protruded, the lips stretched to cover them, for this man kept his lips closed. His hands were hard, with broad fingers and nails as thick and ridged as little clam shells. The space between thumb and forefinger and the hams of his hands were shiny with callus.

The man's clothes were new—all of them, cheap and new. His gray cap was so new that the visor was still stiff and the button still on, not shapeless and bulged as it would be when it had served for a while all the various purposes of a cap—carrying sack, towel, handkerchief. His suit was of cheap gray hardcloth and so new that there were creases in the trousers. His blue chambray shirt was stiff and smooth with filler. The coat was too big, the trousers too short, for this was a tall man. The coat shoulder peaks hung down on his arms, and even then the sleeves were too short and the front of the coat flapped loosely over his stomach. He wore a pair of new tan shoes of the kind called "army last," hobnailed and with half circles like horseshoes to protect the edges of the heels from wear. This man sat on the running board and took off his cap and mopped his face with it. Then he put on the cap, and by pulling started the future ruin of the visor. His feet caught his attention. He leaned down and loosened the shoelaces, and did not tie the ends again. Over his head the exhaust of the Diesel engine whispered in quick puffs of blue smoke.

• • •

In the restaurant the truck driver paid his bill and put his two nickels change in a slot machine. The whirling cylinders gave him no score. "They fix 'em so you can't win nothing," he said to the waitress.

And she replied, "Guy took the jackpot not two hours ago. Three-eighty he got. How soon you gonna be back by?"

He held the screen door a little open. "Week-ten days," he said. "Got to make a run to Tulsa an' I never get back soon as I think."

She said crossly, "Don't let the flies in. Either go out or come in."

"So long," he said, and pushed his way out. The screen door banged behind him. He stood in the sun peeling the wrapper from a piece of gum. He was a heavy man, wide in the shoulders, thick in the stomach. His face was red and his blue eyes long and slitted from having squinted always at sharp light. He wore army trousers and high laced boots. Holding the stick of gum in front of his lips he called through the screen, "Well, don't do nothing you don't want me to hear about." The waitress was turned toward a mirror on the back wall. She grunted a reply. The truck driver gnawed down the stick of gum slowly, opening his jaws and lips wide with each bite. He shaped the gum in his mouth, rolled it under his tongue while he walked to the big red truck.

The hitch-hiker stood up and looked across through the windows. "Could ya give me a lift, mister?"

The driver looked quickly back at the restaurant for a second. "Didn' you see the *No Riders* sticker on the win'shield?"

"Sure—I seen it. But sometimes a guy'll be a good guy even if some rich bastard makes him carry a sticker."

The driver, getting slowly into the truck, considered the parts of this answer. If he refused now, not only was he not a good guy, but he was forced to carry a sticker, was not allowed to have company. If he took in the hitch-hiker he was automatically a good guy and also he was not one whom any rich bastard could kick around. He knew he was being trapped, but he couldn't see a way out. And he wanted to be a good guy. He glanced again at the restaurant. "Scrunch down on the running board till we get around the bend," he said.

The hitch-hiker flopped down out of sight and clung to the door handle. The motor roared up for a moment, the gears clicked in, and the great truck moved away, first gear, second gear, third gear, and then a high whining pick-up and fourth gear. Under the clinging man the highway blurred dizzily by. It was a mile to the first turn in the road, then the truck slowed down. The hitch-hiker stood up, eased the door open, and slipped into the seat. The driver looked over at him, slitting his eyes, and he chewed as though thoughts and impressions were being sorted and arranged by his jaws before they were finally filed away in his brain. His eyes started at the new cap, moved down

(*Continued on next page*)

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Night Rider

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

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No Riders

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the new clothes to the new shoes. The hitch-hiker squirmed his back against the seat in comfort, took off his cap, and swabbed his sweating forehead and chin with it. "Thanks, buddy," he said, "My dogs was pooped out."

"New shoes," said the driver. His voice had the same quality of secrecy and insinuation his eyes had. "You oughtn' to take no walk in new shoes—hot weather."

The hiker looked down at the dusty yellow shoes. "Didn't have no other shoes," he said. "Guy got to wear 'em if he got no others."

The driver squinted judicially ahead and built up the speed of the truck a little. "Goin' far?"

"Uh-uh! I'd a walked her if my dogs wasn't pooped out."

The questions of the driver had the tone of a subtle examination. He seemed to spread nets, to set traps with his questions. "Lookin' for a job?" he asked.

"No, my old man got a place, forty acres. He's a cropper, but we been there a long time."

The driver looked significantly at the fields along the way where the corn was fallen sideways and the dust was piled on it. Little flints shoved through the dusty soil. The driver said, as though to himself, "A forty-acre cropper and he ain't been dusted out and he ain't been tractored out?"

"'Course I ain't heard lately," said the hitch-hiker.

"Long time," said the driver. A bee flew into the cab and buzzed in back of the windshield. The driver put out his hand and carefully drove the bee into an air stream that blew in out of the window. "Croppers going fast now," he said. "One cat' takes and shoves ten families out. Cat's all over hell now. Tear in and shove the croppers out. How's your old man hold on?" His tongue and his jaws became busy with the neglected gum, turned it and chewed it. With each opening of his mouth his tongue could be seen flipping the gum over.

"Well, I ain't heard lately. I never was no hand to write, nor my old man neither." He added quickly, "But the both of us can, if we want."

"Been doing a job?" Again the secret investigating casualness. He looked out over the fields, at the shimmering air, and gathering his gum into his cheek, out of the way, he spat out the window.

"Sure have," said the hitch-hiker.

"Thought so. I seen your hands. Been swingin' a pick or an ax or a sledge. That shines up your hands. I notice all stuff like that. Take a pride in it."

The hitch-hiker stared at him. The truck tires sang on the road. "Like to know anything else? I'll tell you. You ain't got to guess."

"Now don't get sore. I wasn't gettin' nosy."

"I'll tell you anything. I ain't hidin' nothin'."

"Now don't get sore. I just like to notice things. Makes the time pass."

"I'll tell you anything. Name's Joad, Tom Joad. Old man is ol' Tom Joad." His eyes rested broodingly on the driver.

"Don't get sore. I didn't mean nothin'."

"I don't mean nothin' neither," said Joad. "I'm just tryin' to get along without shovin' nobody around." He stopped and looked out at the dry fields, at the starved tree clumps hanging uneasily in the heated distance. From his side pocket he brought out his tobacco and papers. He rolled his cigarette down between his knees where the wind could not get at it.

The driver chewed as rhythmically, as thoughtfully, as a cow. He waited to let the whole emphasis of the preceding passage disappear and be forgotten. At last, when the air seemed neutral again, he said, "A guy that never been a truck skinner don't know nothin' what it's like. Owners don't want us to pick up nobody. So we got to set here an' just skin her along 'less we want to take a chance of gettin' fired like I just done with you."

"'Preciate it," said Joad.

. . .

"Guy that drives a truck does screwy things. He got to. He'd go nuts just settin' here an' the road sneakin' under the wheels. Fella says once that truck skinners eats all the time—all the time in hamburger joints along the road."

"Sure seem to live there," Joad agreed.

"Sure they stop, but it ain't to eat. They ain't hardly ever hungry. They're just goddam sick of goin'—get sick of it. Joints is the only place you can pull up, an' when you stop you got to buy somepin so you can sling the bull with the broad behind the counter. So you get a cup a coffee and a piece pie. Kind of gives a guy a little rest." He chewed his gum slowly and turned it with his tongue.

"Must be tough," said Joad with no emphasis.

The driver glanced quickly at him, looking for satire. "Well, it ain't no goddamn cinch," he said testily. "Looks easy, jus' settin' here till you put in your eight or maybe your ten or fourteen hours. But the road gets into a guy. He's got to do somepin. Some sings an' some whistles. Company won't let us have no radio. A few takes a pint along, but them kind don't stick long." He said the last smugly. "I don't never take a drink till I'm through."

"Yeah?" Joad asked.

"Yeah! A guy got to get ahead. Why, I'm thinkin' of takin' one of them correspondence school courses. Mechanical engineering. It's easy. Just study a few easy lessons at home. I'm thinkin' of it. Then I won't drive no truck. Then I'll tell other guys to drive trucks."

Joad took a pint of whisky from his side coat pocket. "Sure you won't have

(*Continued on page 16*)

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By

ANNE PATERSON

Macrae-Smith-Company, *Philadelphia*

No Riders

(*Continued from page* 14)

a snort?" His voice was teasing.

"No, by God. I won't touch it. A guy can't drink liquor all the time and study like I'm goin' to."

Joad uncorked the bottle, took two quick swallows, recorked it, and put it back in his pocket. The spicy hot smell of the whisky filled the cab. "You're all wound up," said Joad. "What's the matter —got a girl?"

"Well, sure. But I want to get ahead anyway. I been training my mind for a hell of a long time."

The whisky seemed to loosen Joad up. He rolled another cigarette and lighted it. "I ain't got a hell of a lot further to go," he said.

The driver went on quickly, "I don't need no shot," he said. "I train my mind all the time. I took a course in that two years ago." He patted the steering wheel with his right hand. "Suppose I pass a guy on the road. I look at him, an' after I'm past I try to remember ever'thing about him, kind a clothes an' shoes an' hat, an' how he walked an' maybe how tall an' what weight an' any scars. I do it pretty good. I can jus' make a whole picture in my head. Sometimes I think I ought to take a course to be a fingerprint expert. You'd be supprised how much a guy can remember."

Joad took a quick drink from the flask. He dragged the last smoke from his raveling cigarette and then, with callused thumb and forefinger, crushed out the glowing end. He rubbed the butt to a pulp and put it out the window, letting the breeze suck it from his fingers. The big tires sang a high note on the pavement. Joad's dark quiet eyes became amused as he stared along the road. The driver waited and glanced uneasily over. At last Joad's long upper lip grinned up from his teeth and he chuckled silently, his chest jerked with the chuckles. "You sure took a hell of a long time to get to it, buddy."

The driver did not look over. "Get to what? How do you mean?"

Joad's lips stretched tight over his long teeth for a moment, and he licked his lips like a dog, two licks, one in each direction from the middle. His voice became harsh. "You know what I mean. You give me a goin'-over when I first got in. I seen you." The driver looked straight ahead, gripped the wheel so tightly that the pads of his palms bulged, and the backs of his hands paled. Joad continued, "You know where I come from." The driver was silent. "Don't you?" Joad insisted.

"Well—sure. That is—maybe. But it ain't none of my business. I mind my own yard. It ain't nothing to me." The words tumbled out now. "I don't stick my nose in nobody's business." And suddenly he was silent and waiting. And his hands were still white on the wheel. A grasshopper flipped through the window and lighted on top of the instrument panel, where it sat and began to scrape its wings with its angled jumping legs. Joad reached forward and crushed its hard skull-like head with his fingers, and he let it into the wind stream out the window. Joad chuckled again while he brushed the bits of broken insect from his fingertips. "You got me wrong, mister," he said. "I ain't keepin' quiet about it. Sure I been in McAlester. Been there four years. Sure these is the clothes they give me when I come out. I don't give a damn who knows it. An' I'm goin' to my old man's place so I don't have to lie to get a job."

The driver said, "Well—that ain't none of my business. I ain't a nosy guy."

"The hell you ain't," said Joad. "That big old nose of yours been stickin' out eight miles ahead of your face. You had that big nose goin' over me like a sheep in a vegetable patch."

The driver's face tightened. "You got me all wrong—" he began weakly.

Joad laughed at him. "You been a good guy. You give me a lift. Well, hell! I done time. So what! You want to know what I done time for, don't you?"

"That ain't none of my affair."

"Nothin' ain't none of your affair except skinnin' this here bull-bitch along, an' that's the least thing you work at. Now look. See that road up ahead?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I get off there. Sure, I know you're wettin' your pants to know what I done. I ain't a guy to let you down." The high hum of the motor dulled and the song of the tires dropped in pitch. Joad got out his pint and took another short drink. The truck drifted to a stop where a dirt road opened at right angles to the highway. Joad got out and stood beside the cab window. The vertical exhaust pipe puttered up its barely visible blue smoke. Joad leaned toward the driver. "Homicide," he said quickly. "That's a big word—means I killed a guy. Seven years. I'm sprung in four for keepin' my nose clean."

The driver's eyes slipped over Joad's face to memorize it. "I never asked you nothin' about it," he said. "I mind my own yard."

"You can tell about it in every joint from here to Texola." He smiled. "So long, fella. You been a good guy. But look, when you been in stir a little while, you can smell a question comin' from hell to breakfast. You telegraphed yours the first time you opened your trap." He spatted the metal door with the palm of his hand. "Thanks for the lift," he said. "So long." He turned away and walked into the dirt road.

For a moment the driver stared after him, and then he called, "Luck!" Joad waved his hand without looking around. Then the motor roared up and the gears clicked and the great red truck rolled heavily away.

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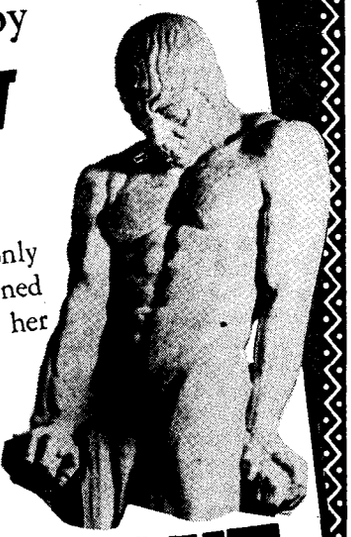

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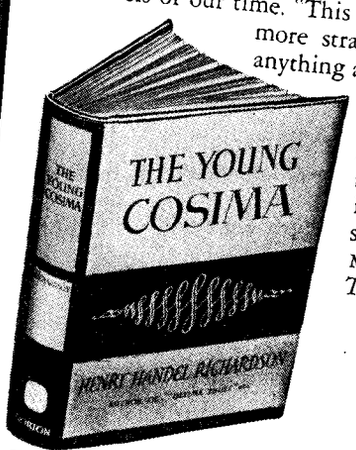

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The New Books

Biography

JOHN SKELTON, An Account of His Life and Writings. By L. J. Lloyd. Oxford: Blackwell. 10s. 6d.

Robert Graves, more than anyone else, is responsible for the reawakening of interest in one of the most neglected of the great English poets. Skelton can never appeal to more than "a limited class of readers," as Dyce observed in his monumental edition. He is difficult, undisciplined, and, in the worst sense, local; his language is a deterrent, for his macaronic exuberance and the headlong rush of his lines make him stranger for the average reader than even Chaucer; and, most damning of all, he is uncompromisingly of his own age—we cannot patronize him, as we so often patronize Chaucer, with a complacent "Why, he's almost like *us!*" He remains, then, a Name, and a few fragments from "The Garlande of Laurell" in the anthologies. This is regrettable, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Lloyd's book will open the eyes of more than the "limited class" to the tough splendid fun that is the poetry of "Mayster Skelton, Poete Laureate."

The book is aimed at precisely this purpose. It is not a work of scholarship, although a great deal of scholarship has gone into its making. Mr. Lloyd is interested first of all in bringing the man Skelton to life again—the Rector of Diss, the tutor of Henry VIII, the furious opponent of Wolsey, the hard-hitting, hard-living *laureatus* of Oxford and Louvain. Unfortunately, the records are few, the data confused; and Mr. Lloyd has had to resort to a method rightly suspect in academic circles—romantic conjecture, something not unlike fictionized history. But it is difficult to scold Mr. Lloyd for this. He has brilliantly performed a much needed service. His criticism is excellent, his quotations copious (and, yes: there is a glossary), his manner as vigorous as Skelton's own. D. F.

Fiction

IVA. By Gøsta af Geijerstam. Dutton. 1939. $2.

As centralization, education, and new means of transportation swiftly break down all the little old worlds, writers everywhere are trying to record the vanishing life of the society in which their childhood was spent. Like "Northern Summer," "Iva" is a novel of Norway; of its quiet, dour, decent people, close-knit by family feeling and love for the home-place; of its rocky soil and rich upland pastures; of its short, bright summers and endless winters, glowing by night with the pale green of northern lights, and by day with the red of an unseen sun; of its old church-bells "ringing peace in over the countryside" close by the abandoned graveyards where every Midsummer's Eve a white cock is still sacrificed to the older and sterner gods.

Of this close-knit society, Iva has been a member and is now an outcast. The weak oldest son of a proud and rich family, he has lost his home place to a money-lender. Suddenly he realizes that a man who has lost his land is no longer quite a man—he is an "outsider," a man without roots.

He is proud and resentful; he waits restlessly for something to happen. In all things, he is torn between his sense of decency and his wish to escape decision and responsibility. He is not even free to be a villain. Loving Storgaarden, he will not make any effort to keep it; loving a girl, he will not ask her to marry him, but casually gets with child Barbro, the daughter of another "outsider"; wishing he had never seen Barbro, he marries her; unable to bear her or her family —though they are kind and wise even if unpresentable—he buys their farm for his new home-place; loathing the money-lender, he destroys the evidence which would convict him of murder.

Iva is subtly drawn; but so great is his apathy that he is a distant and unsatisfactory central character. The reader

(*Continued on page* 21)

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DON MARQUIS:
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you
see i was not getting any salary at
all when i quit work . . . .
a fifty per cent
raise looks good . . . . . .
on paper . . . . . .
i never was any good on
figures and maybe i am
getting a lot as it is but i
would rather have less
of a victory and more to eat.

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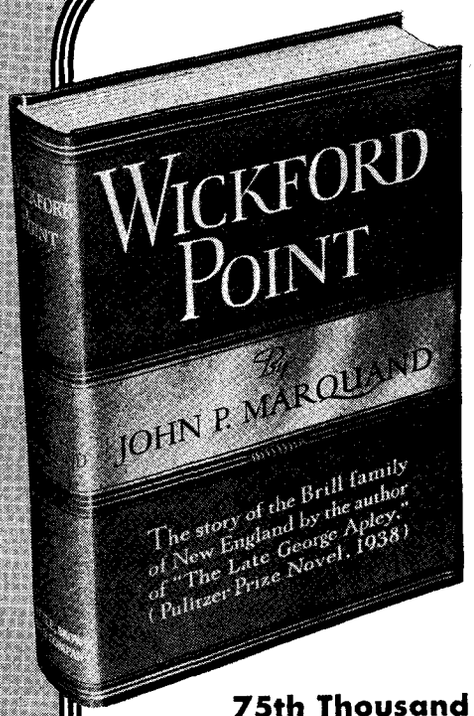
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By
JOHN P. MARQUAND
The story of the Brill family of New England by the author of "The Late George Apley." (Pulitzer Prize Novel, 1938)

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This is satire at its best, satire that is blended with sympathy, satire that will be appreciated by the reader even though he or she has never set foot in New England. "Wickford Point" will be discussed hither and yon for many a month, and may well be capturing the enthusiasm of new readers a generation hence.

WICKFORD POINT

By John P. Marquand

At all bookstores • $2.75

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The Amen Corner

ROMANS XV. [4]

Quæcunque scripta sunt ad nostram doctrinam scripta sunt.

'All things which are written, are written for our erudition and knowledge.'

•

"Sermons," writes the Bishop of Durham (the celebrated Dr. Hensley Henson), in his introduction to one of two volumes just published in the *World's Classics*[1] series, "form an important part of English literature. They have played a great role in the long discipline of the English character. Students are coming to recognize their value as historical authorities, supplementing records, letters, and legal documents with strictly contemporary pictures of life and manners. They have their place, no unimportant place, among the formative influences which have shaped the English language, and even determined the norms of its composition."

Selected English Sermons, Sixteenth to Nineteenth Centuries, starts off with Hugh Latimer's "A Sermon of the Plough" (1548) from which we take our text. Here are John Donne, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Butler (likewise of Durham), Cardinal Newman, James Martineau. There are biographical sketches from *The Dictionary of National Biography*[2] which fix the sermons in their background. The type is unusually clear, and the binding the well-known dark blue.

The other new title in our favourite library[1] (we are thankful it never stops growing) is *The House with the Green Shutters* by George Douglas, that remarkable only novel, published in 1901, to which Mr. Somerset Maugham now writes an Introduction. (By the way, the number of Introductions by famous living authors would alone make the *World's Classics*[1] noteworthy.)

This fierce and savage Scottish novel leads naturally to *Pride and Passion*, Robert Burns, 1759-1796, by DeLancey Ferguson,[3] which the Oxford University Press has just published also. The author, who edited the definitive edition of the *Letters of Robert Burns*,[4] describes his new book as an answer to the question: "What sort of a man was Robert Burns?"

The answer is: A fascinating sort of man; and this is a fascinating sort of book. When you have finished it you will turn again, as you will have while reading it, to Burns's Poems.[5] "Here is the glen and here the bower."

Vale!

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IT would have been pleasant manners, poor Old Q. can't help thinking, if *Time* (the weekly newsmagazine), issue of March 20, condensing some personal data about John P. (*Wickford Point*) Marquand, had waved a friendly hand to its source—which was fairly obviously the article by Constance M. Fiske in the *SRL*, December 10, 1938. ☞Norman Alexander Hall, bookseller in Newton Centre, Mass., generously gifted us with a copy of *Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective* (1894) (by C. L. Pirkis) about which we expressed curiosity. The adventures of Miss Brooke, who must have been one of the earlier female detectives, are quite readable; and most amusingly illustrated, much in the style of the original Sherlock Holmes stories. But what interested us most was the phrase, now quite obsolete, of "saving" a train, meaning as we now say to catch it. "You will save the 11.5 train from Victoria." ☞The Holliday Bookshop, at its beautifully symmetrical address 49 East 49, has put on a shelf of their own, in the most attractive available editions, the list of classic favorites recommended by Somerset Maugham in a recent *S. E. P.* article. ☞The autograph MS of Wilkie Collins' novel *The Haunted Hotel*, a yarn we always enjoyed, will be sold at auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on April 4. Opening our old 2nd-hand copy of the book we find a passage marked years ago: "An angry voice protesting, in a strong New England accent, against one of the greatest hardships that can be inflicted on a citizen of the United States—sending him to bed without gas in his room." ☞Anyone who is curious about *The Haunted Hotel* will find it reprinted in Alexander Laing's *Haunted Omnibus*. ☞Much interest attaches annually to the announcement of Guggenheim Fellowships. This year's awards, in the literary field, go to critics Edmund Wilson and Herschel Brickell; novelists John Dos Passos, Robert Penn Warren ("Night Rider"), Harold A. Sinclair ("American Years"), and Richard Wright ("Uncle Tom's Children"); poets Kenneth Fearing and Oscar Brynes. John Joseph Mathews, of Oklahoma, has a fellowship to write on the conflicting cultures of the American Indian and the invading European. ☞In the field of research, we note with pleasure that a fellowship was awarded to Herbert J. Muller, frequent *SRL* contributor, to write a book on criticism. ☞Charles Bragin, 1525 West 12 Street, Brooklyn, says he will furnish without charge his bibliography of Dime Novels to libraries, museums, and students of Americana. ☞About five years ago, when Harold Latham of Macmillan's was in London on publishing business, he badly needed a temporary secretary who would also do everything from wrapping parcels to reading MSS. Latham appealed to the office of Faber & Faber, London publishers, for suggestions. Fabers nominated a young man who was not afraid of any kind of hard work. The latter served as Latham's pro-tem staff-officer on several London visits, and is now the author of *Wine of Good Hope* which Macmillan publishes this week with great enthusiasm. His name—a pseudonym—is David Rame. ☞We have often intimated our sentimental interest in the old square-rigger *Tusitala*. Apropos, Alfred Harcourt

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD DOGS BITE *E. M. Curtiss* (Simon and Schuster: $2.)	Death of Chihuahua dog brings Dr. Nathaniel Bunce to Neapolitan hotel where he neatly solves three inexplicable poisonings.	Corpulent little criminologist rounds up amazing lot of suspects and, 'neath Italian skies, proves that hand is quicker than eye.	Excellentissimo
BLOW DOWN *Lawrence G. Blochman* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Three murders, embezzlement, and Nazi plotting in Central American "banana republic" solved, between kisses, by govt. agt. Lane.	Tropical background, pleasantly torrid romance; some first-class villainy; valiant and perceptive sleuth—and hurricanes to boot.	Eminently satisfactory
ALIAS BLUE MASK *Anthony Morton* (Lippincott: $2.)	Blue Mask ("the Baron") discomfits couple of imitators, smashes international crime syndicate, and dodges all police traps.	Jewel robberies, safe-blowings, fights of all sorts, hair-breadth escapes—with John Mannering dominating every situation.	Blood and thunder
HE COULD NOT HAVE SLIPPED! *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Insp. Martin of Scotland Yard, working in Geneva, uncovers "a grand fraud" and catches killer whose knees were too clean.	Quite up-to-date in plot; League of Nations background is interesting, and story moves relentlessly, if slowly, to tragic end.	Adequate

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tells us a story. A neighbor of Mr. Harcourt's went into a shipchandler's store in Stamford, Conn., to buy some rope. "They sent him down in the basement," says Alfred Harcourt, "with a salesman who was particularly handy about splicing the end of the line in the fashion my neighbor wanted it, and as he ran it through his fingers, coiled it on the floor in a strikingly seamanly manner. Whereupon the following dialogue took place:

My neighbor: "Where did you learn to handle a rope like that?"

Salesman: "Before the mast in a sailing ship."

My neighbor: "What sailing ship?"

Salesman: "The *Tusitala*."

☞The Stamford rope-salesman was Richard Maury, whose *The Saga of "Cimba"* is getting handsome reviews. ☞The most important publishing venture of the Columbia University Press this spring will be the six volume *Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, previously unpublished. They are edited by Ralph L. Rusk; the set will sell at $25 before publication (May 8) and at $30 thereafter. Librarians are already conning their budgets. ☞The League of American Writers will hold a "symposium" (we don't suppose they mean that literally) at the Keynote Club, 201 West 52, April 6 at 8:30 p. m. Three English visitors, Auden, Isherwood, and MacNeice, will speak on Modern Trends in English Poetry and Prose. ☞Katharine Lord, at the Little Book House in Nantucket, Mass., offers a course in "Expert Bookhandling" which gives a general training in all branches of publishing, bookselling, collecting, etc. The full course will last six to eight weeks. Board and room may be had in Nantucket from $24 per week. ☞We are delighted to see that Russell Doubleday's little album of photographs, *Long Island*, with notes on the picturesque byways of Paumanok, includes a photo of our historic family tree—*Quercus Giganticus*—which we have already illustrated here. Its girth, Russell Doubleday says, is 19 feet; and all the family take after it.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 18)

is left puzzled by his strengths and his weaknesses, unable to understand what it was that bent him to this shape. Therefore it is Norway and not Iva which is again Gøsta af Geijerstam's hero.

K. S.

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE. By Roland Barker and William Doerflinger. Macmillan. 1939. $2.50.

For a long time the slave trade from the Guinea Coast to the Americas has been waiting for somebody to write a novel around it. Now two authors have clubbed together and done the job —a swashbuckling tale of raiders and piracy, press-gangs and villainous Spaniards, with a dark-eyed beauty, fights, a shipwreck, a slaving captain who quotes Holy Writ, a blackfellow named Admiral Porpoise, and various other properties. The milieu is as remote from ordinary experience or even knowledge as the moons of Jupiter, one in which the most skep-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LONESOME ROAD *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Miss Maud Silver, London "Enquiry agent" who quotes Tennyson to clients, saves two nice girls from violent death.	Numerous attempts at murder and flock of likely suspects keep tension high. Solution not entirely unexpected but bungful of thrills.	Capital

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 21*)

tical reader can readily accept startling adventures. Unfortunately, the authors have had trouble with the serious mechanical problem that confronted them in the beginning—how to get a hero into the slave trade and still make him a sympathetic character. They solved it by a wooden little tale of love, rivalry, and misunderstanding which, coming as it does at the beginning of the book, helps very little in establishing the credibility of what follows. Still, a book to be highly recommended to those readers who can take their Howden-Smith or Sabatini on the gulp. F. P.

Travel

PENTHOUSE OF THE GODS. By Theos Bernard. Scribners. 1939. $3.50.

During the last hundred years or so there have been but two men who have entered Lhasa, the sacred city of Tibet, by invitation, and the latter of these, young Theos Bernard, has recently returned not only with a book but with a mission. Lhasa has had a number of visitors, but with the exception of those who forced their way as soldiers or missionaries with England to back them, all have had to travel in disguise. Bernard, after taking his doctor's degree at Columbia and studying Yoga in India, was invited to Tibet because of his extreme religious bent; he was believed by some to be the reincarnation of an ancient and notable Lhasan saint. Studying with the monks of the sacred city, he was able within three months to pass the tests of priesthood. He emerged a full-fledged Lama, equipped to bring the truth to America, perhaps but not quite so competent to write a book.

He writes soberly and repetitiously of the Tibetan terrain, of the endless meals he was required to eat, of the harmony of gold and filth in the city, of every monastery and shrine that he encountered. He has catalogued Lhasa more thoroughly than anyone else, but it is as though he were talking through a spiritual mattress; he has muffled his wonders in naive prose.

These strictures must not be thought to deny the considerable interest which the book possesses by way of spiritual and physical adventure, for there has been very little authentic information on Lhasa and Lamaism. The sixty photographic illustrations are excellent despite their grain. H. D.

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CHEVALIER General Moretoss' Speech: "A toothbrush for every cow!" 25 cents coin. A. Kubisch, New Berlin, N. Y.

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Double-Crostics: No. 262

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104-F	105-G		106-O	107-W	108-T	109-X		110-U	111-A	112-F	113-P	114-T		115-X	116-M	117-B	
118-S	119-C	120-K	121-X	122-I	123-O	124-R	125-T		126-F	127-J	128-P	129-N	130-Z	131-X	132-B		133-O
134-F	135-J	136-I		137-A	138-O	139-F		140-K	141-W	142-T	143-F	144-O		145-L	146-Q	147-W	148-E
	149-H	150-P	151-D	152-C		153-V	154-W	155-U	156-G	157-L		158-C	159-Q	160-W		161-Z	162-W
163-G	164-E	165-X	166-L	167-P		168-W	169-D	170-B	171-X		172-K	173-Z	174-V	175-L		176-T	177-J
178-N	179-A	180-E	181-Y	182-P	183-X		184-M	185-Q		186-G	187-L	188-W					

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Whimpers, cries weakly.
B. Telamones.
C. Author of "The Gentle Shepherd."
D. Long pole, emblem of sovereignty (Hawaii).
E. Outside show, gloss.
F. Immovable.
G. Anonymous.
H. Decorative groove.
I. Remote; extrinsic.
J. Pre-Raphaelite poet.
K. Pledged, committed.
L. State of belonging to present time.
M. American woman novelist (1870).
N. Nonplusses (U. S.).
O. Early name for Canada (2 wds.).
P. Snarled.
Q. Dipterous (comp.).
R. Partial.
S. Fuss, bustle.
T. Book by Robert Frost (2 wds.).
U. Contrivance.
V. Moving circularly.
W. Hades (2 wds.).
X. Proper fraction (comp.).
Y. Grow; levy.
Z. Marine interjection. (comp.).

WORDS

179 111 48 99 137
50 28 64 66 95 170 117 132
51 158 119 38 63 152
91 21 29 169 151 59
164 16 54 8 180 75 148
139 23 134 126 112 3 12 104 57 143
77 163 186 19 88 32 156 105
46 4 92 149
25 41 136 72 14 122 102 53
177 90 31 62 127 24 60 135
120 11 140 33 172 55 20
22 47 145 166 187 157 175
1 86 116 67 49 184 40 70
2 87 65 129 178 44 15
144 138 133 106 42 7 97 123 52
83 113 128 150 167 18 182
84 94 185 58 146 159 103 79 68
6 45 26 98 81 124 85
118 37 89
125 56 34 61 108 43 176 74 114 101 80 142
78 155 110 9 73 5
10 174 71 100 17 36 153
188 30 147 82 162 154 168 96 141 107 160
109 131 93 115 171 165 121 27 183
13 76 35 181 69
39 173 161 130

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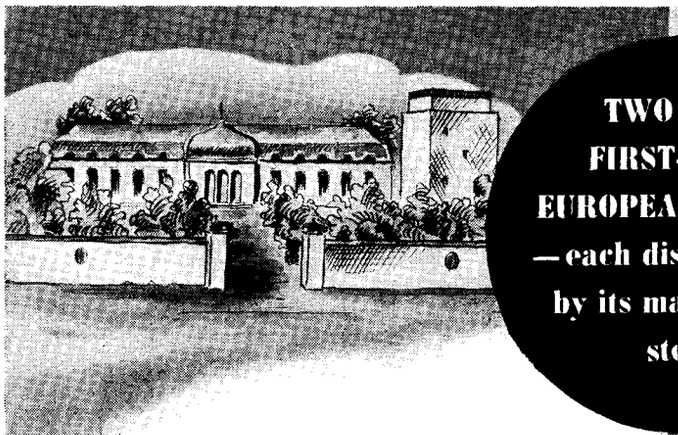

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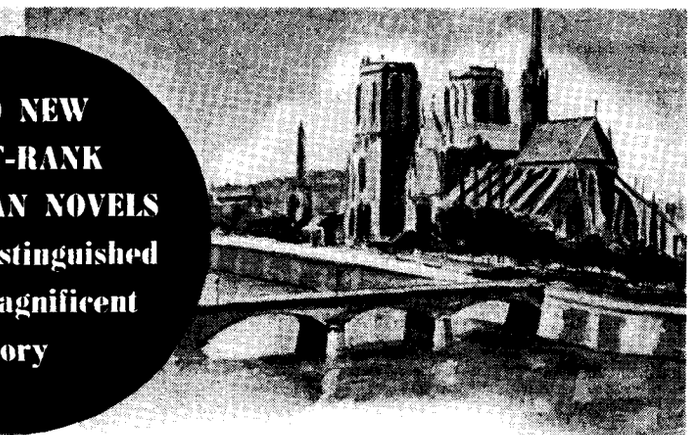

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